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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE

Juvenile Temperance Reciter

No. 3.

A COLLECTION

OF

CHOICE RECITATIONS AND DECLAMATIONS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

FOR USE IN

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, DAY-SCHOOLS, BANDS OF HOPE, JUVENILE
TEMPLES, LOYAL TEMPERANCE LEGIONS, AND ALL
JUVENILE ORGANIZATIONS.

EDITED BY

MISS L. PENNEY,

Editor of "The National Temperance Orator," "Readings and Recitations," Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, "Juvenile Temperance Reciter,"
Nos. 1 and 2, etc.



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1889.

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E. G. B Jan 10 13

PREFACE.

THE preparation of this little book has been a pleasant task, a labor of love. The former issues of this series met with a cordial reception, and their recitations have been given by the boys and girls in thousands of public gatherings. It is hoped they have helped on the cause which they were intended to promote. Many calls having come for a new book—this “Reciter No. 3” has been prepared. It is intended for the *little* boys and girls. Children of larger growth, and young people, will find material suited to their needs in the series of “Readings and Recitations,” of which seven different numbers have been issued.

The little ones only are here provided for. That they may take their part in entertaining at public or private gatherings, and helping on the cause, is the sincere wish of

THE COMPILER.

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JUVENILE TEMPERANCE RECITER.

My Kitten.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

[For either a Girl or Boy, who should hold a pet kitten while reciting.]

OH ! I had such a fright
That I trembled with fear,
I thought that my kitten
Had taken to beer.
There's a lager-beer garden
Just over the way,
And kitten goes over ;
I saw her to-day.
Then I watched her come out
And, mercy ! I saw
She was wiping her mouth
With her little white paw.
I caught her up quickly
And said : " Tell me true,
Have you broken your pledge ? "
And she answered me, " Mew."
Well, then, I felt better,
For kittens, you know,
They always say " mew "
When they want to say " No."
But no badge could I find ;
Not even a speck
Of the little blue ribbon
She had worn on her neck.
But then, when I carried
Her into the house,

She sprang from my arms
To run after a mouse.
And mamma then told me
To banish my fear,
That kittens might steal,
But would never drink beer.
So I'll get a new ribbon ;
I am ever so glad
That she had not been drinking ;
But, *oh!* if she *had!*

A Wise Resolution.

FOR A BOY.

E. C. A. ALLEN.

SHALL *I* ever be a drunkard
Like the poor men that we meet
Reeling, staggering, tottering, mumbling,
Falling helpless in the street ?
Will the boys leave off their playing,
Run in fright when *I* come near ?
No ! I'll never drink the poison,
Then I never need to fear.

Shall *I* ever be a drunkard,
With a base, dishonored name,
Shrinking from the good and virtuous
In defiance or in shame ?
Face all bloated, clothes all ragged,
Out at elbows, out at toes ?
No ! I'll never drink the poison,
Then I'll never know its woes.

Shall *I* ever be a drunkard—
Can that—will that ever be ?

For the very men I pity
Once were little boys like me.
Some of them ne'er dreamed that ever
They should bear the drunkard's name.
But I'll never taste the poison,
Then I'll never feel the shame.

Shall *I* ever be a drunkard ?
Never! By God's helping grace,
In the noble ranks of Temperance
I will keep a foremost place.
Others may sip drops of brandy,
Porter, whiskey, gin, or beer,
But I'll never touch the poison,
Then I'll never need to fear.

A Mighty Lever.

FOR A BOY.

W. TALBOT.

KING ALCOHOL, that foe so vile,
Has proved a great deceiver ;
And we will pull his stronghold down
With Truth, that mighty lever.
Come, Susan, Jane, and Mary Ann,
And Tom, and Will, and Charley,
'Tis for old Alcohol, you know,
The brewer spoils the barley.

You cannot find so great a foe,
Though you may search creation ;
Nor one which brings such misery
Upon our own dear nation.
Nine-tenths of all the vice and crime,
The woe and dissipation,

Are caused through drinking alcohol,
Which brings intoxication.

There was a time when all believed
Strong drink was necessary,
But science, and experience too,
Declare it's quite contrary.
More precious lives it slays than war
And pestilence included ;
And we are getting now too wise
To be by it deluded.

Come, then, and help us, every one !
Come, every son and daughter !
It is this serpent Alcohol
That poisons so much water.
Come, then, my lads, and lasses too,
Attack the great deceiver ;
For we've a glorious work to do
With Truth, that mighty lever.

Wearing the Badge of Blue.

MARY D. CHELLIS.

[The boy who recites this should have on one of the blue-ribbon badges prepared by the National Temperance Society, and should point to it as he begins his speech.]

YOU see I wear the Blue Ribbon ; and I am more proud of it than of anything else I ever wore. I wear it all the time just to show my colors.

Yesterday I passed a man hugging a lamp-post ; and he called out after me, " There goes a little temperance fanatic." I stopped and looked at him, wondering how I should feel in his shoes. Ragged shoes they were—so ragged you could almost count his toes. His hat looked

as though it had been used for a football ; and his coat — but, oh, dear me ! I won't try to describe his coat. I won't tell the man's name either ; but father says he was once a bright, handsome boy, and the best scholar in school. Just think of it. And strong drink has made him what he is, poor, ragged, and despised. He seemed to consider the lamp-post his best friend ; and I guess it was, for it gave him a support. For all that, I shouldn't care to hug a lamp-post.

I never thought of saying anything when he shouted after me ; but I should like to ask somebody if a drunkard isn't an intemperance fanatic ? He is certainly devoted to one idea, and that idea is contained in the glass. If that isn't being a fanatic, I don't know what is.

There are plenty such lying round loose in old clothes and drink-shops, and we don't intend to help swell that number. Our Band of Hope boys have something better to do than to guzzle liquor for the benefit of those who sell it. We shall patronize the shoemaker and tailor rather than the liquor-seller.

Another thing : we sha'n't tire our arms and freeze our hearts hugging lamp-posts, you may depend upon that.

The Time to Stop.

FOR A BOY.

FANNIE E. RUSSELL.

PERHAPS you think a little boy
Can hardly understand
The message that the temperance folks
Would send through all the land.
But this I know : that want and woe
In drunkards' homes are found,
And places where they buy their drinks
Are open all around.

For liquor, and tobacco too,
More money goes, they say,
Than all the people in the land
For bread and meat now pay.

Some think a little does no harm,
It makes them feel so nice ;
But, ah ! it is more dangerous
Than skating on thin ice.

A little makes you soon want more,
And more and more you crave ;
At last to alcoholic drinks
You find yourself a slave.

The chains begin to bind your soul
When first you take a drop ;
Before you take a single drink,
That is the time to stop !

John's Pumpkin.

FOR A BOY.

LAST spring I found a pumpkin seed,
And thought that I would go
And plant it in a secret place,
That no one else would know ;
And watch all summer long, to see
It grow, and grow, and grow,
And maybe have a pumpkin for
A jack-o'-lantern show.

I stuck a stick beside the seed,
And thought that I should shout
One morning when I stooped and saw
The greenest little sprout !

I used to carry water there
When no one was about,
And every day I'd count to see
How many leaves were out.

And by and by there came a flower,
The color of the sun,
Which withered up and then I knew
The pumpkin was begun ;
But, oh, I knew I'd have to wait
So long to have my fun,
Before that small green ball could be
A great big yellow one.

At last, one day, when it had grown
To be the proper size,
Said Aunt Matilda : " John, see here,
I'll give you a surprise !"
She took me to a pantry shelf,
And there, before my eyes,
Was set a dreadful row of half
A dozen pumpkin pies.

Said Aunt Matilda : " John, I found
A pumpkin, high and dry,
Upon a pile of rubbish, down
Behind that worn-out sty !"
Oh, dear, I didn't cry, because
I'm quite too big to cry ;
But honestly I couldn't eat
A mouthful of the pie.

And then I thought : " Why, Auntie's right,
For it was *meant* to eat.
I should have saved the worthless skin
And thrown away the meat.

That's just what people do with corn,—
A wicked thing, I think,—
They throw away a precious food
And save a worthless drink."

Upsetting the Water-Pail.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

THE patter of rain-drops was heard on the roof,
So the children were bid under cover to stay ;
And that was the reason that frolicksome Fred
Was down in the kitchen that morning at play.

A train of mischances pursued his career—
First a burn, then a scratch, and a jam in the door ;
Then, into a big pail of water he fell,
Upsetting the same on the clean kitchen floor.

Oh, wild were the shrieks that arose on the air
From Fred in convulsions, and Bridget in wrath
At finding herself and her tidy domains
Disordered and splashed by this troublesome bath.

But an angel of peace in the shape of Mamma
Descended from regions above to the scene ;
And out of the chaos soon Bridget emerged,
Her kitchen at rights and her temper serene.

While Master Fred, clad in a suit of dry clothes,
With injuries bandaged, and terrors allayed,
For a few fleeting moments consented to be
A cherub of sweetness in beauty arrayed.

Just then, from the clouds hanging low overhead
Came the rain in a downfall of swift, heavy showers,
That deluged the ground, turning paths into brooks,
O'errunning the grasses and drowning the flowers.

As Fred, looking forth from a window, beheld
The flood rushing past, and the garden soaked through,
He shouted aloud in a transport of glee :
“ Oh, God has upset a big water-pail, too ! ”

What Keeps Us Warm.

FOR EITHER A BOY OR GIRL.

JULIA COLMAN.

SOME years ago on Scotland's hills
A snow-storm fierce, with all its ills,
The shepherds caught. Some almost froze.
Friends brought them food and milk and clothes.
Who took revived : but those who drank
The wine and gin all hapless sank.
Some never spoke again, and all
Were worse who drank of alcohol.

It was a fallacy of old
That alcohol keeps out the cold.
They now with somersault complete
Prescribe it to “ reduce the heat.”
When they find out *that* means “ reduce
The vital powers,” they'll stop its use.

I'll ask, if I may be so bold,
Why drunkards perish in the cold ?
The drink they've taken, free and fast,
To save them, only kills at last.
Good food will help us stem the storm,
But liquor will not keep us warm :
The animals that drink no gin
Create from food their warmth within.
If they can be so warm and spry
Without the liquor, so can I.

Fanny's Soliloquy.*FOR A GIRL.*

MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

How Fanny, curled so snug and nice
In the great velvet chair,
Got sober thoughts in her bright head
Beneath her sunny hair,
Would naturally seem to you
A curious affair.

But Fanny thought of many things,
And laid them on a shelf,
To think of when she was alone
And talk of to herself ;
And yet she seemed the livelong day
A happy little elf.

" I cannot make my 'broidery go,
My thread is awful long ;
And other things it seems to me
Are somehow going wrong !
I wonder why my mother now
Can néver sing a song ?

" She smiled and looked so sweet on me
When putting in the vase
Those lovely flowers just now ; but, then,
What was it on her face ?
I'm sure I thought I saw a tear
Fall on the pretty lace

" About her throat ; and when I ran
To give a ' thank you kiss,'
I felt like saying, ' Can you cry
In such a home as this ?'
I'm just afraid there's something wrong—
I wonder what it is ?

"I wonder papa goes down town
And stays so very late ;
I always want my sleepy kiss,
But now I ' must not wait !'
And so I have to say good-night
To papa's empty plate.

"I wonder if it's panic times
That makes him seem so sad ;
Or banks, or suits, or naughty men
Keeps him from being glad ?
I wish I had my papa now
Just as I used to had !"

A wily robber steals the light
From little Fanny's house ;
It's getting darker every hour,
And soon the day will sink ;
She has not heard the robber's name—
We know that it is Drink.

A Speech for the Fourth of July.

L. PENNEY.

[The boy who recites this must speak out boldly, and must have near him a small flag, which he can wave at the proper time. He must also wear a blue badge, and have a supply of temperance tracts in his pocket.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—I feel patriotic to-day. I feel like hurrahing and shouting and making a big noise. How can I help it ? Don't I hear the noise of firing of cannon and the popping of fire-crackers all around ? Didn't it wake me up very early this morning ? I was up long before breakfast, and when Bridget asked me why I got up so early, I told her it was because it was the Fourth of July, and I felt patriotic. She said it was a pity I couldn't

feel patriotic other days in the year. The idea! Well, I do, only I don't show it in just this way. I say, "Hurrah for the Fourth of July! hurrah for the Stars and Stripes, the prettiest flag that ever waved! [*Waving a flag.*] Hurrah for a free country! *I mean* the free country that *is to be.*" We temperance boys have learned that we are not quite free yet; that there is an enemy in our midst which we must get rid of. Our grand old forefathers routed their enemy and put him to flight; they made King George's men surrender, and refused to bow the knee to tyranny. We are engaged in a war as earnestly as they, though we carry no guns nor swords. Our weapons are ballots and ideas. The pen is mightier than the sword; so we scatter around the best thoughts which wise men and women have written on this war. Here are some. [*Takes tracts out of his pocket and shows to audience.*] We're gaining ground. We mean to put down the meanest, hardest old tyrant that ever lived—King Alcohol. The uniform he makes his soldiers wear is a red nose and shabby clothes. All they get for serving him is an empty pocket-book, a foul breath, a diseased body, a clouded brain, and an unhappy home.

We say, down with the tyrant! [*Stamps his foot.*] We boys and girls have banded together all over the country to fight him. Here's our badge—[*pointing to it*—declaring to everybody that

"We pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate."

We'll get the men to vote him out, and if he isn't entirely whipped by the time we boys grow up, we'll finish the business. You may depend on us! Maine, Kansas, Iowa, and brave little "Rhody" have already routed him out. Hurrah! I say, hurrah!

The Corn-field and Tobacco-field.

[This is supposed to have happened in Connecticut.]

THE Indian Corn looked over the fence,
And what do you think he spied ?
A field of Tobacco just ready to bloom,
And stretching in lordly pride.

To his broad-leaved neighbor at once he called,
In accents loud and clear,
“ I thought you belonged to a sunnier clime—
Pray what are you doing here ? ”

So then with a haughty air replied
The plant of power and pelf,
“ You are pleased to ask of my business, sir—
Say, what do you do for yourself ? ”

“ I feed the muscle, and blood, and bone,
To make our farmers strong,
And furnish food for their little ones
That round their tables throng.”

“ I move in a somewhat loftier sphere,”
The foreign guest replied,
“ As the chosen friend and companion dear
Of men of wealth and pride.

“ I’m the chief delight of the gay young spark ;
O’er the wise my sway I hold ;
I lurk in the earnest student’s cell,
In the dowager’s box of gold.

“ Thousands of hands at my bidding work,
Millions of dollars I raise—”
He ceased to speak, and in angry mood
Responded the tasselled maize :

- “ You’re in secret league with dyspeptic ills—
A merciless traitor band ;
With clouds of smoke you pollute the air,
With floods of slime the land.
- “ You tax the needy laborer sore ;
You quicken the drunkard’s thirst ;
You exhaust the soil—and I wish you’d go
To the place whence you came at first ! ”
-

Where are the Coming Men ?

FOR A BOY.

ANNIE A. PRESTON.

DEAR Aunt Mary asked this question,
Then, glancing up at Ben,
Who a fine cigar was rolling,
She asked it o’er again.

- “ For smokers, now, we need not search ;
We find them nine in ten.
There are swearers too, and loafers ;
Where shall we look for men ?

- “ Good men must come from somewhere soon
To run the church and town ;
For those we have are growing old,
And must, of course, go down.

- “ These growing boys—they will not do !
They swear, and smoke, and fight.
Dear me ! must we then send abroad
For men who serve the right ? ”

The boys all looked surprised enough.

“ We’ll think of this ! ” said Ben,

- “ I tell you, lads, we’ll mind our ways ;
We’ll be the coming men.”

The Thankful Newsboy.

FOR A BOY.

“HELLO, Jack!” was the newsboy’s shout, in
 Seeing his friend by the street-lamp’s light;
 “Awful weather for us to be out in!
 Suppose you come home with me, to-night.”
 “Where d’ye live?” inquired the other—
 “I’d like first-rate ter go with ye, Joe;
 My marble palace leaks, some way ’ruther,
 An’ my sealskin coat’s worn out, ye know.”
 “There!” cried Joe, going on before; “say,
 Ain’t this the thing fer a rainy night?
 Jus’ look at that open cellar doorway:
 Get well in ter leeward, and hug up tight!”
 “Hark!” said Jack, as the two crept under
 The sheltering arch by the cellar floor;
 “Just see the lightnin’ an’ hear th’ thunder!
 What does folks do that ain’t got no door?”

Cider and Beer.

FOR A GIRL.

MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

HARMLESS? Cider and beer?
 Now isn’t it queer
 That men can be fooled so; when every one knows
 That the river of death swallows thousands each year,
 And the springs of that river are cider and beer?
 Harmless? Cider and beer?
 I think it is queer,
 When boys are so sharp, and the stuff is so vile,
 That they’ll *fool with* the mocker, and find out too late
 That wine, beer, and cider are only death’s gate.

Now the cider and beer
You have no need to fear
If you'll boycott them, boys, and get up a strike,
That you never, no, never, will help, or go near
The places where men sell the cider and beer.

Truthful Jingles.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

[This can be recited by a little boy or girl, or it can be divided among five little ones, each reciting two lines.]

As one and one make always two,
So those who drink are sure to rue.

As two and two make always four,
So surely one glass leads to more.

As three and three are always six,
As surely drink is spoiled by "sticks."

As sure as four and four make eight,
Will rum bring trouble soon or late.

As five and five are always ten,
So surely drink makes drunken men.

Fingers and Toes.

FOR A VERY SMALL BOY.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

THEY ask me, a mite of a boy, sir,
Just out of my baby-clothes,
What I shall do with my fingers,
And what I shall do with my toes.

My fingers belong to my hands, sir,
My toes they belong to my feet ;
And I find them quite handy, I tell you,
To work with or play in the street.

With ten such fine fingers to help me,
Though one on each hand is a thumb,
I ought to do battle right bravely
With brandy and whiskey and rum.

And as I am told to walk straight, sir,
I hope my ten toes will obey,
And go in the path straight and narrow,
And not lead this young chap astray.

I Must Not Drink.

FOR A BOY.

HELEN E. BROWN.

If I would be a gentleman
I cannot, must not drink ;
For that will cause all manliness
Below the brute to sink.

If I would be a noble man
I cannot, must not drink ;
Or far from purity and truth
I shall forever shrink.

If I would be a useful man
I cannot, must not drink ;
For will the idler drinking makes
Be helpful, do you think ?

If I would be a Christian man
I cannot, must not drink ;

Behold the wretched drunkard now
Trembling on ruin's brink.

No ; if I would be pure and good,
And holy, true, and wise,
I must not touch the poison-cup :
'Tis death in any guise.

Collection Speech.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

[For three characters. A boy, a girl, and chairman of meeting. A bright girl and boy should be selected for this ; the boy to be a little bit taller than the girl. It will be very effective if they take up the words promptly. The chairman should come forward and finish the plea as the girl recites the last line.]

HE. We'll be a temperance meeting,
My little sis and I,

SHE (*looking at boy*). And you must make a great big
speech,

HE. I guess I can—I'll try.

SHE. And I'll be all the people,
And take the 'lection, too ;

HE (*looking at girl*). But who will put the money in ?

SHE. Why, you !

HE. Not me, but you !

SHE. Say ! (*pointing to audience*) s'pose we let them play
with us ?

HE. Well, I have no objection.

SHE (*to audience*). Say ! you may all play meeting, too,

HE. But give a *real* collection ;

SHE. Please don't be stingy, 'cos we do
Need money *awful* bad ;

HE. We haven't any cash ourselves.

SHE. Oh, don't I wish we had !

CHAIRMAN (*coming forward*). Well, children, you seem to have taken the meeting out of my hands. But as I could not have done better myself, I have no fault to find. You are right. A collection is a very important part of the meeting. What we need is cash. What the people are anxious to give us is *cash*. So that everybody is pleased and satisfied. The collectors will at once proceed.

The Boy who Meant to Be a Governor.

FOR EITHER A GIRL OR BOY.

THOMAS R. THOMPSON.

- "I'm going to be a governor,"
Said little Johnnie Day.
"It's nonsense you are talking now,"
Replied his sister May.
"You've made a grand mistake for once ;
I mean it," Johnnie said.
"You mean to be a governor ?
I guess you've lost your head.
"How can a foolish boy like you
Become a man so great ?
Just think of little Johnnie Day
As governor of the State."
"I don't expect such honor, May ;
But I expect to see
The time when I as governor
Of Johnnie Day shall be."
"And what will you as governor
Of Johnnie Day then do ?
I don't think you will govern much,
Though some may govern you."

“As governor of Johnnie Day
His temper I'll control ;
From underneath his tongue no harsh
Or cruel words shall roll.

“I'll have my voice, I'll have my vote
Whenever he's concerned ;
I'll keep his face and footsteps, too,
In proper channels turned.

“I'll veto—Latin for forbid—
Whatever would destroy
The health, the peace, the happiness
Of one bright little boy.

“I'd say to him, Now, Johnnie Day,
Don't drink, or smoke, or swear ;
Where sinners love to congregate,
Just keep away from there.

“I mean to govern one small boy ;
His name is Johnnie Day.
You understand me better now,
I think, dear sister May.”

Five Little Crystal Keys.

FOR A BOY.

T. H. EVANS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—To such a small boy as I, has been given a deep subject to bring before you this evening—Education as a Cure for Intemperance. I am not so wise as I hope I shall be when a few years more have rolled over my head, but I have lived long enough to see that if the right sort of knowledge were put into the

head, the wrong kind of drink would never be put into the mouth.

Why are so many uneducated children running about our streets? Because strong drink is constantly running down their parents' throats. How can the children's thirst for *knowledge* be satisfied, while the rum-sellers are allowed to gratify the parents' thirst for *drink*? Why is the world so full of mistaken ideas about the nature and effects of strong drink, and all alcoholic stimulants? Because the teachers themselves are not well-informed upon this all-important question.

Ladies and Gentlemen : What is the need of teaching Young America the use of the *globes*, if at the same time you teach him the use of the *glass*? You teach him how to *decline pronouns*; but let some lovely damsel offer him a glass of wine, could he *decline that*? You fill his mind with knowledge concerning the *heavenly bodies*; but is it not more important to teach him about *his own body*? You lead him away back into the past and tell him what important treaties were signed, but how many of you have ever told him a word about what he himself should sign, if he would win the race in the battle of life?

Ladies and Gentlemen : It is time that the right instruction of the young should be taken up; let us commence with the Temperance Alphabet—it's only five letters: W. A. T. E. R.—then we shall get on swimmingly. Grammarians tell us that L. M. N. R. are liquids. Bah! all nonsense! W. A. T. E. R. represent the only liquid I care to know anything about. Yes, W. A. T. E. R.—five little crystal keys—and Wisdom, Affection, Temperance, Education, and Religion, are the golden caskets they unlock.

—Adapted.

A Very Bad Case.

FOR A VERY LITTLE GIRL HOLDING A DOLL.

WHAT is it ails my dollie, dear ?

I'm not quite sure I know.

She's very sick, and if she dies

'Twill be a fearful blow.

She's got "ammonia" on her lungs,

"Plumbago" in her back,

A "tepid" liver and a cough

That keeps her on the rack.

She's got an "ulster" in her throat,

And "bunions" on her hand ;

Her skull is pressing on her brain—

'Twill have to be "japanned."

I think I'll send for Doctor Jones,

And Doctors Price and Bell ;

They'll hold a "consolation,"

And maybe she'll get well.

Strong Drink.

FOR EITHER A BOY OR GIRL.

L. T. LARKIN.

COLD water is the strongest drink,

Cold water, pure and free ;

God knew just what was best, I think,

For you, my friends, and me.

The horse drinks only water clear,

And he is strong, I'm sure ;

The camel, in the desert drear,

How much he can endure !

Birds fly o'er many and many a league
Of land and stormy sea,
And scarcely seem to know fatigue—
How strong they all must be !

Where do they get their strength, I pray ?
Not from the fiery stuff
Men drink, and call so good to-day ;
I call it bad enough.

They get it from the water bright
God gives with lavish hand,
To leap and sparkle in the light,
And bless each clime and land.

Golden Rain.

FOR EITHER A BOY OR GIRL.

THREE children crouched in an archway for shelter from
the rain ;
They all were poor and ragged, but one had a look of pain,
And a pair of crutches rested beside her on the stones,
And in their childish chatter her voice had the gentlest
tones.

For awhile, with noise and laughter, they romped as children will,
Then they grew weary waiting, and, feeling the damp air
chill,
Sat closely beside each other, watching regretfully
The dark rain falling, falling, from the gray and cloudy
sky.

“ Let's sing,” said the cripple, gently ; and through the
noisy street
Their voices echoed, singing that old song, so true and
sweet,

Of "the happy land of heaven, and happy children there,
Who dwell forever safely in the Father's loving care."

When the simple hymn was ended the youngest singer
said :

"Does it rain in heaven, Polly?" The lame girl shook
her head,

"Well, I don't know," she answered, with a puzzled,
doubtful air ;

"Perhaps the flowers want water, yet—I think it's fine up
there."

And then, with a sudden gladness, brightly she smiled
again—

"Why, if God makes rain in heaven it must be golden
rain !"

The Whiskey Brier and the Temperance Vine.

FOR EITHER A BOY OR GIRL.

MARY J. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR friends, I wish to tell you of a curious dream of
mine ;

The subjects of my vision were a brier and little vine.

We'd talked of making garden and of sowing seeds that day,
And I had thought of temperance work a little—by the
way—

And so that night when "Slumber drew her curtains round
my bed,"

The garden plants and temperance work ran strangely
through my head.

I thought, in wandering along, I saw a mighty brier ;

And as I gazed upon it there it broader grew and higher.

It said it was the Whiskey Brier, and boasted of its power ;

But, ah ! 'twas rotten at the heart, and flourished but an
hour.

Then I beheld a little vine which grew beside the brier ;
I stopped before the tiny thing its beauty to admire ;
I marvelled at its gracefulness, and, wondering whence it
came,

I said to it : " My little friend, I'd like to know your name ? "
It looked up quite complacently, and seemed much grati-
fied

That I had taken note of it ; and then it thus replied :
" Why, I'm the little Temperance Vine. Perhaps you think
I'm small,

But I am firmly rooted and grounded, after all ;
And, verily, I mean to grow. They can't get rid of me,
For my roots are deeply planted, and they reach from sea
to sea."

And here it left off speaking, and, smiling, bowed its head,
And truly I believe each word the little climber said.
Then let us help to propagate this little Temperance Vine,
Till all the nations of the earth its tendrils shall entwine.

I am a Temperance Boy.

MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

THE chilling winds are blowing high,
And clouds o'ercast the wintry sky ;
But what care I for cold or snow ?
I am a temperance boy, you know.

I drink cold water every day,
And all the laws of health obey ;
Warm blood defies the cold and snow ;
I am a temperance boy, you know.

I drink no cider, wine, or beer,
My limbs are fleet, my head is clear ;
I've strength to brave the cold and snow ;
I am a temperance boy, you know.

And all my life I mean to be
Teetotal temperance, you shall see ;
I'll fight for it through cold and snow ;
I am a temperance boy, you know.

I'll fight for temperance in God's name,
The joy of temperance loud proclaim,
And preach the truth where'er I go ;
I am a temperance boy, you know.

Which Side Counts You One ?

FOR EITHER A GIRL OR BOY.

A. H. HUTCHINSON.

As you turn your history's pages,
Where you read of earnest men,
Do you think how you'd have acted,
Had you been living then ?

But you're living in the present,
There's a duty calls to-day,
So bravely stand by God and right
And do what good you may.

When they signed that Declaration
In Independence Hall,
Hancock did not fear, in signing
To be the first of all.

And do *you* fear, my brother,
To early stand for right,
Against the whiskey devil,
Our country's scourge and blight ?

You've heard the oft-told story
Of mothers, children, wives,
Who suffer with the drunkard
And often lose their lives ;

And a hundred thousand drunkards
 Each year, that we might save.
 Go down to death eternal,
 Down through a drunkard's grave ;

And yet will you, my brother,
 Choose license, high or low,
 Instead of Prohibition, when
 The right you surely know ?

While the past is unforgotten
 There's a duty calls to-day,
 Let us follow God, our leader,
 Let us do what good we may.

You must work for good or evil
 And the battle has begun,
 For God or Satan fighting—
 Which side counts you one ?

A Boy's Resolve.

FOR A BOY.

THOMAS R. THOMPSON.

SAID Tommie Nye to Bobbie Lee,
 " I'll be a young abstainer ;
 The boy who does not smoke or drink
 Will be in health a gainer.

" I'll never take God's name in vain,
 Or tease the cat or Mabel ;
 I'll do what I am asked to do,
 As far as I am able :

“ Providing that I know it’s right,
And will give satisfaction,
For peace and joy can never come
From any foolish action.

“ I’ll ask the dear, good Lord to bless
Me in each wise endeavor.
I’ll do the right and never fear,
Henceforth and on, forever.”

Corn-Whiskey.

FOR EITHER A GIRL OR BOY.

JENNIE L. ENO.

OLD Farmer Bently strode through his field
Right early one clear spring morn,
Deep wrath in his look,
As his hard fists he shook,
For the crows had been pulling his corn—
Had been pulling his sprouting corn.

He pondered and pondered on ways and means
Of thwarting his wily foe ;
Then suddenly rose,
As one who knows
Just the very best way to go.

Next day as the birds swarmed over his field
The farmer laughed in his glee ;
“ That grain scattered round
So thick on the ground
Will teach you a lesson,” said he—
“ A lesson will teach you,” said he.

The crows crammed and gorged themselves, cawing
for joy,
Till “ corned ” in more senses than one.

And doleful their plight
And crooked their flight
When the farmer came out with his gun—
Came out with his well-loaded gun.

The slaughter was great, but the birds that escaped
Came no more to that old farmer's call ;
The crow is no dunce,
He gets drunk but once,
Do we know more and get drunk at all ?—
Will we ever get drunk at all ?

What Bob Said.

FOR A BOY.

MADGE ELIOT.

WHEN I grow up there are some things
That I will never do,
And that's as sure as grass is green
And violets are blue.
I'll never make my father sad,
Nor bring tears to my mother ;
Nor give my sisters cause to say,
" We cannot love our brother."
I won't, indeed I won't !

I'll never act with rudeness to
Old folks. I'll never be
Unkind to any little child
That comes for help to me.
I never will refuse to give
A bit of bread and meat
To one who begs. My horse and dog
And cat I'll never beat.
I won't, indeed I won't !

I'll never swear ; no gentleman,
I'm sure, does that.
I'll never pass a lady friend
Without lifting my hat.
I'll never drink strong drink—oh, no !
Nor ever smoke or chew—
As sure as grass is always green
And violets are blue—
I won't, indeed I won't !

The Cedar and the Apple Tree.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

SAID the Cedar to the Apple-tree :
“ I'd really like to know
Why men take so much care of you,
While I am left to grow
In this uncultivated swamp,
Without a bit of care,
While you are trimmed, and watched, and fed.
I think it quite unfair.”
Said Apple-tree : “ I help to feed
Not only man but brute ;
And if men take good care of me
I pay them back in fruit.”
“ And I,” replied the Cedar-tree,
“ Would have you understand
That these same men depend on us
For posts to fence their land.”
“ That's true,” replied the Apple-tree,
“ Quite true what you have said ;
The trouble is, you do no good
Till after you are dead.”

It does not Give Strength.

FOR EITHER A GIRL OR BOY.

YOU hear people say that alcohol is good for *giving strength* and *keeping* in health. Don't you believe it! Some of those people who boast about its strength-giving properties point you to their *extended stomachs* and *overhanging cheeks*. How stout they *do* look! Don't be carried away with it; it's all puff; it's not real; they are just blown out; they resemble an inflated bladder. Those carrying their beer-extended stomachs are not strong, though they have the look of it.

Do you really think, for instance, those great big beer-drinkers, with ruddy face and scarlet nose, are the powerful fellows they seem? Not you; don't you believe it. It's all outlook; there's no reality in it. Ask them, for instance, to push a barrow—and let it be an empty one—up an incline, and they'll hardly be induced to do it, or, if they did, ah, me! how they'll puff and sigh and steam. They wouldn't get over it for days, and I'll warrant you never again would they take on such a job. So that when you hear liquor praised as a strength-giver, don't believe it. If they think alcohol is so good for giving strength, why don't they give it to their babies and their children? That's a puzzler for them, isn't it? I will tell you; they don't give it to the babies nor the children because it would almost be sure to kill them. And then, don't you see, if alcohol would end the life of a child, will it not tend to end—at least to shorten—the life of a grown-up person? If that's how you reason the matter out, surely we are brought to this: that alcohol is not fitted to give strength; that it doesn't conduce to the health of the body; that, in short, it is a perfect cheat, and we don't believe in it.

A Happy Little Girl.

FOR A VERY LITTLE GIRL.

S. KNOWLES.

I AM a very little girl,
As any one may see,
And everybody whom I meet
Is very kind to me.

My father loves me very much,
And mother loves me too ;
I have no brothers or sisters,
I wish I had—have you ?

I hope your house is nice and clean,
And you've a bird and puss ;
We have ; and, oh, the pretty things
With me make such a fuss !

Dear Dick he sings when I come down
Each morning from my room,
And if I should feel rather cross,
He scatters all my gloom.

And Tabby purrs against my feet,
And jumps upon my knee ;
And when I stroke her, then she seems
As happy as can be.

I know a tiny little girl
Who lives across the street,
She has no clean and pleasant home,
Nor scarce shoes to her feet.

No puss has she, nor pretty bird,
Nor toys with which to play ;
And oftentimes she gets no food,
I've heard my mother say.

Her father often comes home drunk ;
He'll often curse and swear ;
How men can do such naughty things
Is curious, I declare !

I'll tell you what I mean to do,
When I grow big and strong—
I mean to help the temperance folks
Roll their good ball along.

And while I'm little I shall do
Whatever work I may ;
I'll tell my friends strong drink is wrong,
And I've begun to-day.

I hope you like my little speech ;
I'll maybe come again.
So now good-bye, I may come soon,
But there—I can't tell when !

Pins in Her Toes.

[For either a little Boy or Girl, who must hold a pet kitten.]

O YOU dear little darling,
So soft and so sweet,
With your bright, yellow eyes
And your plump, snowy feet,
Your slim, taper tail,
And your cunning, round nose !
But kitty, my pet,
You have pins in your toes.

You are graceful and charming,
So sleek and so fat—
Was there ever yet born
Such a love of a cat ?
You purr and you rub
With your little pink nose ;

But I must not forget
There are pins in your toes.

You tap on my cheek
With your velvety paws,
Nor think of unsheathing
Your sharp, cruel claws,
Unless you get angry—
Then nobody knows
How soon I may feel
There are pins in your toes !

Ah, kitty ! there's much
That is like you, I know,
We will find in this wide world
Wherever we go ;
The wine-cup that sparkles
And quivers and glows
Is worse than a kitty
With pins in her toes.

The Wise Bird.

FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

M. B. C. SLADE.

A LITTLE bird flew to the brooklet's brink,
And dipped her bill, this way, to drink ;
Then up she tossed her tiny head,
And this is what the birdie said—
The mother-bird, in the bough above,
Looking down with a look of love :
" Chip, chip, chee ! sweet and clear,
You must never drink anything else, my dear ;
For all good little birds," said she,
" In the cold-water army ought to be."
And the little bird sang, at the water's edge,
" Chip, chip, chee ; I'll keep the pledge ! "

Elsie's Thanksgiving.

[For a little girl, who should hold a nicely-dressed doll in her arms.]

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

DOLLY, it's almost Thanksgiving. Do you know what I mean, my dear?

No? Well, I couldn't expect it; you haven't been with us a year.

And you came with my auntie from Paris, far over the wide blue sea,

And you'll keep your first Thanksgiving, my beautiful Dolly, with me.

I'll tell you about it, my darling, for grandma's explained it all,

So that I understand why Thanksgiving always comes late in the fall,

When the nuts and the apples are gathered, and the work in the fields is done,

And the fields, all reaped and silent, are asleep in the autumn sun.

It is then that we praise our Father, who sends the rain and the dew,

Whose wonderful loving-kindness is every morning new ;
Unless we'd be heathen, Dolly, or worse, we must sing and pray,

And think about good things, Dolly, when we keep Thanksgiving Day.

But I like it very much better when from church we all go home,

And the married brothers and sisters and the troops of cousins come,

And we're ever so long at the table, and dance and shout and play

In the merry evening, Dolly, that ends Thanksgiving Day.

Now let me whisper a secret : I've had a trouble to bear ;
It has made me feel quite old, dear, and perfectly crushed
with care ;

'Twas about my prettiest kitten, the white one with spots
of black—

I loved her devotedly, Dolly ; I've been *awfully angry*
with Jack ;

So mad that I couldn't forgive him ; and I wouldn't kiss
him good-night,

For he lost my kitty on purpose, shut up in a bag so tight ;
He carried her miles and miles, dear, and dropped her
down in the dark ;

I would not wonder a bit, dear, if he took her to Central
Park.

And then he came home to supper, as proud as a boy
could be ;

I wonder, Dolly, this minute, how he dared to be looking
at me,

When I called my kitty and called her, and, of course, she
didn't come,

And Jack pored over his Latin as if he were deaf and dumb.

When I found out what he had done, dear, it was just like
lead in my heart ;

Though mamma is as kind as an angel, I knew she would
take his part.

Suppose kitty did chase the chickens—they might have
kept out of her way ;

I've been so sorrowful, Dolly, I've dreaded Thanksgiving
Day.

For I'll never pretend to be good, dear when I feel all
wrong in my mind ;

And as for giving up kitty, I'm not in the least resigned.

And I've known with deep grief, Dolly—known it a long time back—

That I couldn't keep Thanksgiving while I hated my brother Jack.

For you cannot love God and praise Him when you are cherishing anger this way.

I've tried hard to conquer it, Dolly—I gave Jack two pears to-day ;

I've mended his mittens for him—why, who is this creeping in ?

Why, it's surely my own white kitten, so tired and grimed and thin !

And now we *will* keep Thanksgiving, Dolly and kitty and I ;
I'll go to church in the morning ; I'm so glad I'm afraid I'll cry.

O kitty ! my lost, lost treasure, you have found your own way back ;

And now I'll forget my troubles, and be friends again with Jack.

A Christmas Wish.

FOR EITHER A GIRL OR BOY.

I'd like a stocking made for a giant,

And a meeting-house full of toys,

Then I'd go out in a happy hunt

For poor little girls and boys ;

Up the street, and down the street,

And across and over the town,

I'd search and find them every one

Before the sun went down.

One would want a new jack-knife

Sharp enough to cut ;

One would long for a doll with hair,
And eyes that open and shut ;
One would ask for a china set
With dishes all to her mind ;
One would wish a Noah's ark,
With beasts of every kind.

Some would like a doll's cook-stove
And a little toy wash-tub ;
Some would prefer a little drum
For a noisy rub-a-dub-dub.
Some would wish for a story-book,
And some for a set of blocks ;
Some would be wild with happiness
Over a new tool-box.

And some would rather have little shoes
And other things warm to wear ;
For many children are very poor,
And the winter is hard to bear.
I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks,
And a thousand stockings or so :
And the jolliest little coats and cloaks
To keep out the frost and snow.

I'd load a wagon with caramels,
And candy of every kind ;
And buy all the almonds and pecan-nuts
And taffy that I could find.
And barrels and barrels of oranges
I'd scatter right in the way ;
So the children would find them the very first
thing
When they woke on Christmas-day.

Grapes and Corn.

FOR EITHER A GIRL OR BOY.

REBEKAH WILLIS.

GRAPES that grow in purple clusters,
Ripening in the sun,
Grew that you might eat them, children,
And enjoy each one.

Grapes that grow in purple clusters
Never were, I think,
Meant, when crushed and bruised and bottled,
To be used for drink.

Corn that grows in waving corn-fields,
Near the waving wheat,
Ripened for you, little children,
Gratefully to eat.

But when made up into poison
By the thoughtless men,
It would take away your reason
Should you drink it then.

Eat what earth provides for eating,
Drink the water pure,
And good health and happy futures
Are your fortunes, sure.

A Story of an Apple.

FOR A BOY.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

LITTLE Tommy, and Peter, and Archy, and Bob
Were walking one day when they found
An apple ; 'twas mellow and rosy and red,
And lying alone on the ground,

Said Tommy: "I'll have it." Said Peter: "'Tis mine."

Said Archy: "I've got it; so there!"

Said Bobby: "Now let us divide in four parts,
And each of us boys have a share."

"No, no!" shouted Tommy. "I'll have it myself."

Said Peter: "I want it, I say."

Said Archy: "I've got it, and I'll have it all;
I won't give a morsel away."

Then Tommy he snatched it, and Peter he fought
('Tis sad and distressing to tell !),
And Archy held on with all his might and main,
Till out from his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urchins it flew,
And then down a little green hill
The apple it rolled, and it rolled, and it rolled,
As if it would never be still.

A lazy old brindle was nipping the grass
And switching her tail at the flies,
When all of a sudden the apple rolled down
And stopped just in front of her eyes.

She gave but a bite and a swallow or two—
The apple was seen nevermore !

"I wish," whimpered Archy and Peter and Tom,
"We'd kept it and cut it in four."

Temperance Chickens.

FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

I'VE got a lot of tiny little chickens, and they're just as cunning as can be ! You see, brother Johnny had a missionary jug and May had a Sunday-school bank, and I just cried

because I hadn't anything; and Aunt Julia asked what I was crying about, and I said I wanted to do something for somebody, so she said she'd see about it. And the next day she brought me a lovely white pullet and said it was all for me, and that I might sell all the eggs the pullet laid, and with the money send papers and tracts and pretty temperance cards to the colored boys and girls down South, who haven't any Bands of Hope or Loyal Legions like we have up here. So ma helped me make a nest behind the garden-wall, and—would you believe it?—that pullet laid a beautiful white egg every day; she seemed to know she was working for temperance and did her very best. Well, we got such a lot of eggs, and then she went "Cluck, cluck," and ma said she wanted to set; so she put the eggs under the pullet, and she just sat and sat there day after day. And when I went this morning to feed her I heard the little chickens going "Chip, chip," and now I have a whole lot, and they ain't half out yet. Oh! but won't the little colored children be glad? Johnny says they won't, because it was a white pullet; but that's all he knows about it, for Aunt Julia said if some folks would pay as little attention to the color of the feathers as chickens do it would be better for some folks. I tell you, he didn't say any more. My! won't I have lots of money when these chicks grow up. I can't begin to reckon it up. I'll go ask Aunt Julia.

The Little Orator.

FOR A VERY SMALL BOY.

ALTHOUGH I'm not so big nor old
As many boys I see,
Yet it will take a boy who's bold
To speak a piece like me.

I'll make my bow, and wave my hand,
And then begin my speech ;
But you must watch to understand,
Be still—or I can't preach.

“ The ocean in its grandeur flows—
The trees are great and tall—
The mighty earth is round, you know,
Just like my little ball.

“ The stars shine out when clouds allow—
The horses love to run,
And so do I—I'll make my bow
And say my speech is done.”

Archie's Christmas Gift.

EMILY BAKER SMALLE.

[For a Boy. He must have a tin bank in his hand, and pieces of money which are supposed to have been taken out by him.]

TWENTY-ONE, two, three, four, and five !
Just a quarter, sure's I'm alive !
And that will buy the funniest doll,
Rubber and worsted, for Baby Moll.

That takes all of my ready cash,
And breaks my bank all into smash ;
You little tin bank, you're never full ;
I can't work much nights after school.

These days are so short the light don't last,
And Christmas is coming so fast, so fast !
I won't ask father to give me a cent ;
He works too hard for bread and rent.

But mother must have a Christmas gift ;
Oh, dear ! who'll give a fellow a lift ?
Dear mamma ! her hair is pretty and brown,
And her smile so sweet, with never a frown.

I'll get her something, I will ! I will !
But how'll I get it 's the question still.
I know !—I've got such a splendid plan ;
'Tis good enough for a grown-up man.

I think my present will be just grand ;
'Tis this : I'll write, in my nicest hand,
A pledge that liquor I'll never drink ;
That I'll never swear—and then I think

I'll write that tobacco I'll never use,
In tobacco pipes or tobacco chews.
I'll get an envelope, clean and white,
And on it mamma's name I'll write.

And I'll copy it out so nice and fair,
And sign my name at the bottom there :
"Archibald Spinner !" Oh, what a name !
But Grandpa wears it, and 'tis no shame.

"Archibald !" Mamma will like it so.
"Archie !" she says when I'm good, I know.
But I think 'twill please her—I know it will !
Her dear brown eyes with tears will fill,

But behind the tears there will be for me
The happy twinkle I love to see.
So, "Archibald Spinner," the road is long,
You must make your mind up good and strong

Before you put down in black and white
The pledge that the angels in Heaven will write.

Yes, I'm going to do it ! I've counted the cost :
There is *all* to gain, and nothing lost.

Now Christmas may come—come slow, or come
fast—

I'm ready to meet it, ready at last ;
Who in this town has a finer show
Than " Archibald II.," I'd like to know ?

The Sweet Little Maid.

FOR A LITTLE GIRL AND BOY.

S. KNOWLES.

[This may be spoken, or sung to the well-known air of " Where are you going, my Pretty Maid ?" the boy asking the questions—first line of each verse—and the girl giving the answers. They should be dressed in character, the girl with sunbonnet on and tin pail in her hand, the boy as a little man with hat and cane, etc.]

" WHERE are you going, sweet little maid ? "

" I'm going for father's beer," she said.

" Has father sent you, sweet little maid ? "

" Father has sent me, sir," she said.

" *You* do not drink it, sweet little maid ? "

" Only a little, sir," she said.

" Ah, what a pity, sweet little maid ! "

" Is it a pity, sir ? " she said.

" Don't take any more, sweet little maid."

" Not if you wish it, sir," she said.

" Thanks for your promise, sweet little maid."

" Oh, you are welcome, sir," she said.

Keep your Pledge, Boys.*FOR A BOY.*

MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

- "I WANT you to notice," said Grandfather Grey
To the two little boys who lived over the way,
"That a man can never a drunkard be
Who keeps from the poison-cup totally free ;
And never a drunkard was anywhere known
But out of a moderate drinker he'd grown.
- "And so, if you never would have the disgrace
Of a staggering step and a bloated face,
Of a wretched home and a ruined soul,
Be sure not to touch the foaming bowl :
Let it alone, nor look with desire
On the wine that is red, on the liquid fire.
- "Beware of the little now and then ;
If you take it once you will want it again.
The moderate drinker is never secure ;
A drunkard he'll die, you may almost be sure.
To be safe from the curse there is only one way,
Be total abstainers," said Grandfather Grey.

Yes, teetotal abstinence, that is the rule
We learn in the children's Temperance School ;
Stick to it, boys, and you will be free
From the shame and the sin and misery
Of the drunkard's life and the drunkard's fate.
Hands up, all, and cry, "We will keep it straight."

A Tiny Speech for a Tiny Speaker.

Do you want to be happy like the birds,
With voices sweet and clear ?
Then you must say you'll never drink
Of cider, wine, or beer.

Guessing Conundrums.

EDWARD CARSWELL.

[If the following exercise is carried out well, the answers to the chairman's questions coming readily from children scattered among the audience, it will be found to be very effective. Let the superintendent, or the chairman of the meeting, ask for answers to a conundrum ; let the children have the answers beforehand, and be posted in different parts of the house. If they answer briskly the audience will be pleased and also astonished. The more volunteer answers there are the more interesting it will be.]

CHAIRMAN. Boys and girls, I want to see how sharp you can be at guessing conundrums. Here is one which I want you to answer : What is the difference between the Elevated Railroad and a man elevated by whiskey ?

FIRST CHILD. One makes money by *being* elevated, the other loses money *because* he is.

CHAIRMAN. No !

SECOND CHILD. One *remains* elevated, while the other tumbles down every time he *is* elevated.

CHAIRMAN. No !

THIRD CHILD. One makes money by its *trains*, the other loses money every time he gets on one.

CHAIRMAN. No !

FOURTH CHILD. One has its own station, while the other goes to the police station.

CHAIRMAN. No !

FIFTH CHILD. The one makes you pay before you go into the station, the other has to pay before he can get out.

CHAIRMAN. No !

SIXTH CHILD. One is a great convenience, the other a great nuisance.

CHAIRMAN. No !

SEVENTH CHILD. One makes money every time it opens its gates, the other loses every time he opens his mouth.

CHAIRMAN. No !

EIGHTH CHILD. One has switches on its track, the other ought to have one on his back.

CHAIRMAN. No ! None of you have guessed my answer. Who speaks next ?

NINTH CHILD. The longer one remains elevated, the better for the company ; the longer the other remains so, the worse for his family.

CHAIRMAN. No !

TENTH CHILD. One^l is braced up with iron and is strong, the other braces up with whiskey and is weak.

CHAIRMAN. No !

ELEVENTH CHILD. One never takes more than it can carry ; the other does.

[*Two or three children who speak in unison.*] We give it up !

CHAIRMAN. Well, I think some of your answers are better than mine, but this is mine : People take stock in one, but never in the other. People take stock in an elevated railroad, but no one takes any stock in a drunken man. You have answered so well that we shall have to have a similar exercise some other day.

Katie's Thanksgiving.

FOR A GIRL.

MRS. VIRGINIA J. KENT.

I AM thankful for Mamma and Papa,
And thankful for Daisy and Belle ;
And thankful our Father in heaven
Let our dear grandma get well.

I am thankful for cakes and candies,
And clothes, and a nice little bed,
For dolly, and beautiful " Wide Awake,"
That I've read, and read, and read.

And, then, would it hurt your feelings,
Dear papa, if I should say
I'm thankful you're so much nicer
Than you were last Thanksgiving-day?

You know we had no turkey,
Or anything nice to eat,
And mamma cried most all day long,
And kept looking down the street.

I think she was looking for you, papa,
But you never came home till night,
And then you said such dreadful words
We were nearly dead with fright.

I remember mamma never said a word,
She could do nothing but weep ;
And Daisy and I hid away in the bed,
And cried ourselves to sleep.

But to-day we are all so happy,
And you are so good and kind,
And a pleasanter home in all our town,
I'm sure you could not find.

I know what makes the difference,
Because I heard you say,
It was signing your name to the Temperance pledge
At the hall—last New-Year's day.

Good Advice.

FOR A VERY LITTLE GIRL.

To awake with the morning-glory,
To go to sleep with the pink,
To be always bright and happy,
You must drink what the flowers drink.

Grandma's Glasses.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

[For a little Girl. She must have a pair of spectacles and place them on her nose after the first two lines are recited.]

WHEN grandma puts her glasses on
And looks at me—just so—
If I have done a naughty thing,
She's sure somehow to know.
How is it she can always tell
So very, very, very well?

She says to me: "Yes, little one,
'Tis written in your eye!"
And if I look the other way,
Or turn and seem to try
To hunt for something on the floor,
She's sure to know it all the more.

If I should put the glasses on
And look in grandma's eyes,
Do you suppose that I should be
So very, very wise?
Now, what if I should find it true
That grandma had been naughty, too?

But, ah!—what am I thinking of?—
To dream that grandma could
Be anything in all her life
But sweet and kind and good!
I'd better try, myself, to be
So good that when she looks at me
With eyes so loving all the day,
I'll never want to turn away.

Would You?

FOR EITHER A BOY OR GIRL.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

If I had lots of money,
I know what I would do ;
I'd make a happy Christmas
For every child. Would you ?

And when they ask for something
To make the Christmas merry,
I wouldn't give a penny
Like Mr. Elder Berry.

They say he's rich as Croesus,
But he forgets, I s'pose,
To put the silver money
Into his Sunday clothes.

I'd give a whole big dollar
And throw it on the plate,
And make it ring and jingle
Like Mr. Deacon Haight.

If I had lots of money,
I know what I would do,
I'd make a *merry* Christmas
For every child. Would you ?

Teddie's Prayer.*FOR EITHER A GIRL OR BOY.*

MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

THE children sat at the frugal board,
The father had gone away ;
Said the gentle mother with a nod,
"Who'll ask the blessing to-day ?"

“I will,” said Teddie, the least of the flock ;
“Now all of us shut our eyes.”
And with loving thanks for their simple meal,
With an air so manly and wise,
He added : “ We thank you, God, that when
A little money we have
We do not spend it for rum. Amen.”
And his look was very grave.
Dear mamma smiled ; but well she knew
He was thinking of neighbor Flynn,
Who spent the most of his shillings few
At the tavern close by for gin.
And she was glad that his little eyes
Were open his sin to see,
And the precious blessing of God to prize
When the home from drink is free ;
And that it was wrong for people to spend
The means God gives for food
For that which must always to sorrow tend
And rob them of every good.

The Water-Lily.

[For a little Girl, having in one hand a bunch of water-lilies.]

E. L. BENEDICT.

I LOVE the Water-Lily,
It is so sweet and bright.
It opens in the morning
All golden, green, and white.

It lives upon the water,
It even drinks it up,
I know, for I have seen
The water in its cup.

And so I know that water
Is good to make things pure,

And I shall always drink
Cold water, I am sure.

I don't think Water-Lilies
Would grow on beer or rye,
Nor men nor women either,
And I don't mean to try.

I tell you I'm Teetotal.
FOR A LITTLE BOY OR GIRL.

S. KNOWLES.

I TELL you I'm teetotal !
You ask the reason why
The temperance pledge is needful
To one so young as I.

Now, if you all will listen,
The reasons I will show
Why little boys and maidens
No taste of drink should know.

First, children's blood is healthy,
'Tis clean, and fresh, and pure ;
But if 'twas mixed with alcohol
It wouldn't be, I'm sure.

Their cheeks are soft and rosy,
Their eyes are bright and clear ;
But would they long remain so
If they drank wine or beer ?

And then, their limbs are frisky—
They run and skip about ;
But would they be so merry
Or strong if they drank "stout" ?

Now, isn't it right foolish
For those who are in health

To drink rum, whiskey, brandy,
Which costs them so much wealth ?

And, therefore, all we children,
Who wish to happy be,
Will neither taste nor handle
What makes such misery.

Our Battle-Cry.

FOR A BOY.

L. PENNEY.

[Let the children sing a ringing temperance song just before this is recited. As it ceases the speaker should step out promptly, unannounced.]

"We are marshalling the forces of an army true and strong,
We are marching to the music of a ringing temperance song."

And, what is better, we are all volunteers in this army, enlisted for life. We know for what we are battling, and we come to the work with ready hands, true hearts, cool heads, and steady purpose. As the bugle in battle must give no uncertain sound, lest the general's orders should be misunderstood and disorder prevail, neither will we be uncertain in our plans and declarations.

In the temperance army no retreat shall ever be sounded. An English drummer-boy was once taken prisoner, and was ordered by his captors to sound the retreat. "No, no, I cannot," said he, "for they never sounded it in the British army." This is the spirit of our temperance army. We know no retreat. Our battle-cry shall be, Forward !

There is urgent need of our pressing forward. Drink is spreading desolation all over the land. We cannot delay.

Forward ! to save our country from crime. Three-fourths of the prisoners in our jails are there through strong drink.

Forward ! to save our country from disease and premature death. Drink causes insanity, paralysis, gout, dropsy,

consumption, and other diseases. We want healthy, active citizens in this the grandest country in the world, "the land of the free and the home of the brave"—or it will be when we shall drive out its greatest curse, whiskey.

Forward! to save our country from loss of moral character. Drink blunts natural affections, plants hate where love should reign; it causes unhappiness, woe, wretchedness, and sufferings untold.

Forward! to save our country from ruin. Drink gets the greatest share of the people's money. Good grain, that should be used for food, is worse than destroyed when made into drink. "It was made to be eaten and not to be drank; to be baked in the oven, not soaked in a tank." Forward! I say, against the distillers.

Forward! to save the souls of the nation. Sixty thousand drunkards, at least, die every year through strong drink. Where have their souls gone to? Listen to God's warning: "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God."

Forward! to save the children whom the Saviour, our great Captain, loves. Woe to those who offend them or put a stumbling-block in their way! Forward! against our great foe.

Forward! and by our persistent battle-cry we will win the attention of teachers and preachers, statesmen, philanthropists, and the makers of our laws. Our cause is right and must prevail. Teetotalism now and forever! King Alcohol shall go down and bite the dust. Forward will we go in the name of God, and right shall win the day.

"Our fathers fought with tyrants
That we might not be slaves.
We fight a direr monster
Who digs ten thousand graves.
The rum-shop is our ruin,
Our country's curse and shame;
A danger worse than armies,
Or pestilence, or flame."

Nellie's Victory.

FOR A GIRL.

MARGARET J. BIDWELL.

SOMEBODY'S darlings came down the street,
A bonny boy and a laughing girl,
The glow of health on each dimpled cheek,
While happiness lurked in each clustering curl.

A girl of seven, a boy of nine—
Not very wise, or great, or grand,
But each wore a tiny, glittering shield,
The badge of the Loyal Legion Band.

Into the drug-store with dancing feet,
So dainty and fair in their childish grace,
Glad to exchange all the money they had
For the tempting goods in the handsome case.

The candy was purchased, the bill was paid,
And the white teeth were busy, all in a trice,
When the boy exclaimed, "O Nellie! taste this!
I'm sure you will say it is very nice."

But the little maid with the laughing eyes,
Her chin scarce reaching the counter's edge,
Cried out, "O Charlie, don't eat that!
If you do, I am sure you will break your pledge."

She turned about with indignant face
To the smiling druggist, who stood quite near,
And declared, "If you sell such stuff as that,
I won't ever buy any candy here."

And the man replied, with a merry air,
"I am sorry for that, my little maid;
But there are people who will, you know,
So I shall not fail if I lose your trade."

Into the street the children passed,
The little girl's thoughts in an angry whirl,
Thinking how wicked a man must be
To sell brandy-drops to a boy or girl.

For the child had learned, in a bitter hour,
The name of the fiend who wrecks the home,
And had felt the weight of a father's hand
Made heavy and strong by the demon, Rum.

She pondered the matter over and over,
Tired, and almost ready to cry,
Till she thought, "If the people only knew,
I am sure they would not go there to buy."

The very next day the work began ;
The crusader was only a household pet,
But she worked with a will in the little town,
Telling the story to all whom she met.

And some were amused by the earnest child,
As they watched her face, while she gravely stood
Waiting to have them sign their names,
And promise to help her all they could.

Modestly, bravely, on she trudged,
Forgetting herself and her childish games,
Till on Saturday, lo ! on the "honor roll"
Were registered fully one hundred names.

And the druggist confessed, as he watched the face
Whose earnestness glowed in its every line,
That though he could live without *her* trade,
He *needed* the other ninety-nine.

And he said, with a flush of conscious shame,
To the tired but happy little elf,
"If temperance turns out girls like you,
I'll join a Loyal Band myself."

Very Important.

A COLLECTION SPEECH.

FOR EITHER A GIRL OR BOY.

A. H. HUTCHINSON.

THREE men, who, of course, had been drinking,
Were out in a boat one night,
When a storm came up of a sudden,
And gave them a terrible fright.

Said Tom : " We'll surely be drowned ;
Just say a prayer, won't you, Jim ? "
But James wasn't much used to praying,
So proposed that they all sing a hymn.

The hymn, too, proved a failure :
They couldn't all sing the same one ;
While the winds they blew fiercer and fiercer,
And *something* had to be done.

" We've got to do something *religious*,"
Said Tom, in greatest dejection,
" We can't sing or pray, so I think, boys,
We'd better take up a collection."

We're not in danger of drowning
In this pleasant hall here to-night,
But a tide of evil sweeps over the land,
Destroying the truth and the right.

There are people in this very town, friends,
In danger worse than the grave,
Who, if we were able to reach them,
We might be enabled to save.

We've had speaking, and singing, and praying,
And I think, in the latter connection,
Our prayer will be much sooner answered
If you give us a rousing collection.

My First Boots.

FOR A BOY.

E. W. WILCOX.

Do you hear that funny sound,
Curious sort of creaking,
Every time I step around?
That's my new boots squeaking.

Sounds like men or grown-up boys,
When I walk—just hear me!
Mamma doesn't like the noise,
Makes her say, "O dear me!"

These are my first high-legged boots,
Made of good stout leather;
Papa says they're just what suits
Rugged roads and weather.

Ever see soles thick as these?
Just the thing for playing!
Jerk the straps hard as I please,
They're put on for staying!

They're as stout as stout can be—
Proof against all leaking;
But the best of all to me
Is their squeaking!

I'm as proud as proud can be!
For I have good reason;
They make me seem so very big!
I'll be a man in season.

They'll take me safe o'er any road,
And through the slush and slop;
But there's one place they'll not go in,—
And that's—a liquor-shop.

—*Adapted.*

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MISS L. PENNEY,

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